THE ANTIDOTE,

BEING A

POEM

OF

REFLECTION

ON THE

Late *EPITHALAMIUM* on the most Auſpicious Nuptials of the Right Honourable the Marqueſs of *CARMARTHEN*, and the Lady *ELIZABETH HARLEY*, &c.

Utile Propoſitum eſt, ſævas extinguere Flammas.
Diſcite ſanari, per quem didiciſtis amare. Ov. Rem. Am.

Poſt modò reddatis ſacro pia Vota Poetæ,
Carmine ſanati, Fœmina, Virque meo. Id. Ibid.

By Mr. *H. C.* of the *Cuſtom-Houſe.*

LONDON:

Printed for *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* MDCCXIII.

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Price Four-Pence.

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Late EPITHALAMIUM on the most Auspicious Nuptials of the Right Honourable the Marquess of CARMARTHEN, and the Lady ELIZABETH HARLEY, &c.

Ethic Propolium est, Bona certaque Pecunia
Dilicite Juuenes, per quam delicitas nanciscitur. Ovid. Art. Am.

O Poli modò redditis Jovis pro Vota Poeta,
Cœnitus Juuenis, Femina, Virgo ero. Id. Ibid.

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THE ANTIDOTE, OR REFLECTION

On the late *EPITHALAMIUM*, &c.

HYMEN, disturb'd his *Song* was disallow'd,
His *Poet* censur'd, *fulsom* stil'd, and *lewd*,
No *regard* had (the more *unkind* the Wrong)
Or to his *Age*, or *Nature* of his Song,
How the *soft* Theme did with his *Youth* combine,
And, *both*, to *amo'rous* Thoughts the *Muse* incline;
With some *Concern* was heard to make *Complaint*,
And *thus* the Usage *modestly* resent.

O YE *Offended*, You of *Taste* so *nice*,
Who loath the *Thought*, you'll surely loath the *Vice*;
Th' *exploded* Crime you will detest to *act*,
Chast, as you are *esteem'd*, you'll *be* in *Fact*.
You, that the Poet *blame*, will make appear,
And shew the *World*, that what you *seem*, you *are*:
Foh! filthy, fie, for shame, are Words of *Course*,
And often, *vainly* us'd, lose *all* their *Force*,
Pride, Malice, Humour, Affectation shew,
But the *true* Critick *here* is *Vertuous* too,
Sincerely *pure*, and *undefil'd*, and can
Prove by his *Life* himself a *faultless* Man.
Such only *Judging*, the *Condemn'd* will bear
The *righteous* Censure, howsoe'er *severe*.

THIS with some *Warmth*—But yet *not* understood
Of *better* Rank, much less of *Noble Blood*.

To *These* he don't *pretend* himself to *cleanse*,
But *Guilty* pleads, and on *their* Mercy leans.
Howe'er, he does not want Apology,
And thus replies,
AUSPICIOUS let it be!

THE *Satisfactions* of the *honour'd* State,
Joys *unpolluted*, and as *pure*, as *great*,
The *honest* Pleasures of the *Nuptial* Bed,
Imply'd, but not *immodestly display'd*,
Lines, where not one *obscene* Expression's found,
Nor one *lewd* Word the *tender* Ear to wound,
Nor *Chastity*, nor *Vertue*, is arraign'd,
Nor with least *Smut* the *spotless* Paper stain'd,
Might the *Bed undefil'd* well recommend,
Engage our Youth *those* Joys *alone* t'attend,
And, ev'n in these *wild*, *licentious* Days,
Th' *unfashionable* Vertue to embrace;
But never *yet* were known to give *Offence*
To *Men* of Candor, or to *Maids* of Sense;
The sober *Matron*, and the vertuous *Wife*,
Unblushing read, and *bless* the happy Life;
Ev'n *Virgin* Modesty not *justly* griev'd.
So BENTIVOLIO *haplesly* believ'd,
But the *fond* Youth *soon* found himself *deceiv'd*.

How *vain* our *Will*! *This* only He design'd,
The *sole* Intention of his *harmless* Mind,
Purely to recommend such *Lawful* Love,
As *Heav'n* itself, and Holy *Priests* approve,
And which *It self's* a sort of *Heav'n* on Earth,
Not therefore too *engagingly* set forth;
Of which this *Youth* ne'er cou'd Experience find,
Much less wou'd try *Joys* of *another* Kind,
But spoke the *common* Notions of a Mind
Sober, and *chast*, and *undebauch'd*, and free
Ev'n from the *Thought* of a *forbidden* Joy.
Disprove it, *Malice*, if thou can'st, for He
Consciously bold, does Malice *self* defy.

How

How *Other's* Hearts shou'd *He* then draw away
From *Vertue*, who *himself* ne'er went astray?
At least, if *hard* Construction must be made,
And to th' *unwary* Youth *some* Fault be laid,
(*Censure* being now, like *War*, become a *Trade*)
Impute to want of *Judgment*, or of *Skill*,
And not to Purposes propense of Ill,
Whate'er you think *amiss*, and apt t' infuse
An *unchast* Thought, or spoil a *Virgin* Muse.
Pardon the *well-meant* Errour, and forgive
A *Guilt*, design'd the *Guilty* to retrieve,
To call the *wild*, and *wand'ring* Lover home,
Fix his *loose* Heart in *sacred* HYMEN's Dome,
Excite a *Hatred* of all *brutal* Lust,
And give the *lawful* Joy the *noble* Gust.

THIS the Design: But if the Reader will
Pervert *my* Sense, and construe all to *Ill*,
His be the Fault; each *chast*, and *honest* Line,
Rightly *apply'd*, and *understood*, is *Mine*,
* But if *You*, Reader, *force* it, it is *Thine*.

THIS *Counsel* then from the *young* Author take,
Nor what was meant for *Food*, your *Poyson* make;
At once your *Pardon*, and sure *Credit* grant,
To this let *Practice* witness your *Assent*.

JOIN *Hands*, and *Hearts*, with some *well*-chosen *She*,
And each than ISRAEL's Kings shall happier be
With all their num'rous *Wives*, and *Concubines*,
Shame of their Lives, and *Scandal* of their Reigns:
Her Heart with *Yours* shall be *entirely* one,
Enhance your *Pleasures*, and your *Sorrows* moan,
Ready in *all* your *Joys*, and *Griefs*, to bear
Of *these* an equal, *those* a larger Share.
With Love for Love your *kind* Embrace she'll meet,
And with the *happy* Name of *Father* greet,

Your

* *Male dum recitas, incipit esse Tuus.* Mart.

Your *own*, and *Her* bleſt *Images* you'll view,
Which Love *renew'd* will conſtantly *renew*,
Joy of your Youth, *Supporters* of your Age,
Still the *ſame* Actors, tho' *you* quit the *Stage*.
Bliſs ſo *immenſe*, and *exquiſite* you'll prove,
No Joys can *rival* it, but thoſe *Above*.

I'LL lead the *Way*, whene'er I find the *Maid*
That is not of a *faithful* Youth afraid,
Is neither too *reſerv'd*, nor yet too *free*,
Not *coming*, nor yet *always* will *deny*;
To *Vertue*, more than *Vanity* inclin'd,
Her *Fortune* in the *Dow'ry* of her *Mind*;
Her *Beauty* not i'th' *Surface* of the *Skin*,
Whate'er ſhe be *without*, all Fair *within*;
Her *Humour* ſuch as may with *mine* comply,
If *Reaſon*, and not *Will*, nor *Paſſion*, ſway.
In ſhort, and in one Word emphatical,
(If to compare *Great* Perſonages with *ſmall*,
The *Noble* with the *Baſe* may be allow'd,
Thoſe of *High Birth*, with one among the *Crowd*,)
If *I* to *Her* can a CARMARTHEN be,
She an ELISA, *fair*, and *true*, to *me*.
She *me* alone to all *Mankind* prefers,
Before all *Womankind* I'm *only* Hers,
Nor *fear* ſhe ſhou'd Love's *ſacred* Rights profane,
Prompted to Vice by my *laſcivious* Strain,
Or once *project* my *hallow'd* Bed to wrong,
Incens'd to Lewdneſs by my *wanton* Song.

THUS *He*, who did the *guilty* Flame inſpire,
(If *guilty*) now *extinguiſhes* the Fire,
The Hand that *rais'd*, and *fann'd* the *noxious* Flame,
Now *cools*, and makes it *lambent*, —— is the *ſame*:
He, who the *tendereſt* Ears, and *modeſt* Eyes
Has *hurt*, this *healing* Remedy applies,
He charitably *heals*, who *made* the Sore,
And *He*, who gave the *Wound*, preſcribes the *Cure*.

So

So OVID *hurt*, and *heal'd* the Youth of ROME;
Whence the *World* pity'd his *too* rigid Doom:
His *Remedy of Love* aton'd in part
The *Mischiefs* of his soft, but hapless, *Art*:

TO *Me*, ye gen'erous *Youths*, and *Ladies* fair,
To *Me*, who *injur'd* You, for *Help* repair;
And that this *Counsel* you may *ne'er* forsake,
I've said, th' Advice I *give*, I mean to *take*.
Do *You* the *same* but *faithfully* pursue,
Assuredly you'll *find* it *just*, and *true*.
Here's your *Repose*, your *Tempest-beaten* Breast
May *harbour* in this *Port*, and *safely* rest.

IF *so*, the Poet *justly* hopes to find
You'll be to his now *happy* Errour kind;
An Errour which the *blest* Occasion gave
Of *salutary* Lines, of Force to *save*,
And Thousand *wretched* Mortals to *reclaim*
From *Vice*, that wasts their *Strength*, and blasts their *Fame*.

YOUR Pardon *first* obtain'd, He'll not *despair*
Of *equal* Goodness from the NOBLE PAIR,
To *whom* the *foul* Offence was *ruder* far,
As *They* stand *awful* in a *Higher* Sphere.
So Crimes are *greater* against SOVEREIGN *Sway*,
Yet *Gods* spare *Penitents*,——— and so will *They*.

THEY will a *pitying* Clemency extend,
In hope the *blushing* Youth in *time* may *mend*;
He cannot *doubt* a *pardoning* Grace to find,
ELISA comes of a *forgiving* Kind.
Besides; to move *that* Grace, the *Wretch* has swore
He'll *ne'er* write STANZAS, nor LOVE-VERSES more;
These He compos'd with *rash*, *officious* Hast;
These were the *first*, and *these* shall be the *last*.

BUT see! the Noble LEEDS, and OXFORD join
The Act of Grace (their *Children's* Grant) to sign:
He lays aside the *Fury*, and the *Rage*,
With which the *trembling* GAUL he did engage,
But OXFORD in his *usual* Look appears,
The same to *All*, ev'n to his *Foes*, he wears.
The *beautiful* ASCANIUS *Mercy* knows,

HARCOURT to the' Known in *speaking* to excel,
Vouchsafes *his* Pardon to confirm by *Seal*.
His with an *unaffected* Tenderness
Th' *Ausonian* MARCELLO does express,
Soft as the *Airs* fair LATIUM recommend,
Luv'd of the Muses, and the Muses *Friend*.
Theirs the *kind* BOLINGBROKE, and DARTMOUTH give,
In *Terms* wou'd make *despairing* Writers live.
LANSDOWN pronounces *his* with *that* soft Air,
With which he *writes*, with which he *charms* the Fair.
WYNDHAM is *always* ready to excuse
The *Slips*, and *Failures* of a *Youthful* Muse.
The *courteous* BARLOW with a *friendly* Eye
All Errours pardons, or will *none* espy.
That *honour'd* BOARD bids me *suppress* my Fears,
To which th' Offender *some* Relation bears.
Nor are the Poet's Pray'rs in *vain* addrest
To Heav'n's *offended*, now *absolving* PRIEST.
With *Candor* the EXAMINER *surveys*,
And kindly *pities* what he cannot *praise*,
His *Judgment* gives to great *Good Nature* place,
And over *Censure* triumphs *pardoning Grace*.
Sage WIAT, courtly SANSOM, best Good Man
HUDSON, are su'd, and are not su'd in *vain*.
Candor innate *obliging* POWEL leads,
And for a *Friend* offending *Friendship* pleads.
The *Beauteous* SEX turn not *their* Ear away,
This *once* vouchsafe to hear the *wretched* pray,
'Twas *Love*, say they, th' *unwary* Youth beguil'd,
The *blind* Boy dictated, and *naughty* VENUS smil'd.

THE *Bard* thus favour'd *humbly* bows, and *low*,
But can't find *Words* his *Gratitude* to shew,
He wants the *Pow'r* to make *that* just Return,
And *now* in *dutiouis* Flames does *only* burn.

IF *any* other *unextinguish'd* Fire
Remain, 'tis an *incensed Father's* Ire;
The good Old Man, to pardon *ought* amiss
Inclin'd, can *any* Crime forgive but *this*.

Parce precor, Genitor, posthæc non versificabo. Ov.